THE LOYAL WORTHIES.

IN AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honourable the EARL of S------R.

Probitas laudatur & alget.

LONDON:
Printed for T. REYNOLDS, and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, 1735. (Price Sixpence.)

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THE

LOYAL WORTHIES.

In an EPISTLE, &c.

LIKE the Meridian Sun tho' Merit ſhines,
Nor 'at another's Happineſs repines,
Oft does ſome ſullen Cloud obſcure its Worth,
But ſtill with Luſtre it again breaks forth:
With native Purity again appear,
Calm as young Virgins Thoughts, ſerene as Air;

Bravely maintains the Glory of the Field,
To Envy's double Force it ſcorns to yield,
Keeps firm its Poſt, nor turns its Back to fly,
Determin'd or to conquer or to die.
A Change in common Juſtice ſhould be made,
Engroſſings always held foul play in Trade.

Scotus, a Duke, enobled by his Birth,
True to his Principles, a Man of Worth;
Scotus deſcended from an ancient Race,
Whoſe Memoirs old Time can ne'er deface;
Who in Veins the richeſt Blood can boaſt,
With Honour now does re-aſſume the Poſt,
Which lately he had honourably loſt,

He

He ſcorn'd the People's Welfare to poſt-pone,
But, for their Profit, ſacrific'd his own;
To Fraud, Oppreſſion, Bribery, a Foe,
And for his Country's Good was never ſlow:
Reſolv'd, at all Adventures, to ſubdue
The Helliſh *Monſter*, e're too ſtrong it grew.

The *Caledonian* Heroe next appears,
The World well knows this Heroe muſt be *S*-----
The Camp he grac'd, and ſev'ral Courts adorn'd,
And was at laſt for his good Actions ſcorn'd.
A Gen'ral and Ambaſſador was he,
The threaten'd Danger timely did foreſee,
Eſpous'd the Nation's Cauſe, and help'd to ſet her free.
Behold him now reſtor'd to his Command,
He on the *Monſter* with Diſdain does ſtand,
Which would have brought Deſtruction on the Land.

On his Left Hand a noble Earl takes Place,
Who does the Ribbon, and the Garter grace.
Well read in Politicks, and State-affairs,
Yet could not poſſibly avoid the Snares;
Snares, that were laid for him, and many more,
Who to the *Monſter* mortal Hatred bore.
Juſt in his Principles, a Friend to Trade,
And yet to *Spleen* a Sacrifice was made.
See the *White Staff* again he does adorn,
Gay as the Spring, and lively as the Morn.

Valiant *Cobhamius*, Lord of high Renown,
For Conduct, Eloquence, and Wit well known,
Who for his Country often did engage,
Was made a Victim to the *Monſter's* Rage.

His Reſurrection ſee; again this Lord
With joyous Acclamations is reſtor'd.
This Noble Peer's a Man, I do aſſure you,
Who fights *tam Marte quam Mercurio.*

With ſteady Zeal *Ripponius* long withſtood,
And ſtem'd the Current of the rapid Flood;
Pleaded with Fervency the Nation's Cauſe,
And Manfully oppos'd deſtructive Laws.
He *Craftſman*-like, ſurvey'd the vaſt Machine,
Each Flaw diſcover'd, and diſplay'd the *Screen.* 60.
Merit, O wond'rous Thing! Reward obtains,
And a *White Staff* ſhall recompence his Pains.

Stern *Cato* view, with noble Ardor he
Strives to relieve, and ſet his Country free;

Againſt exceſſive Taxes does declaim,
And to diſcharge the Nation's Debt his Aim.
He like a skillful Surgeon probes the Wound,
Purges Corruption whereſoe'er 'tis found,
And artfully contrives to make all ſound.
Guiltleſs of *Mala Praxis*, he proceeds,
And values not who ſcrutinize his Deeds;
If he once more ſhou'd to the *Tower* be ſent,
With joyful Heart he'll bear the Puniſhment,
Since to remove Oppreſſion's his Intent.

Such were the Champions, who the *Hydra* ſlew,
Stretch'd at full Length, the dreaded Monſter view:
Sprung from Corruption, and with Poiſon fed,
Loaded with Putrefaction was each Head;

Brought

Brought forth to reap the Harveſt of your Toils,
Obſtruct your Trade, and all Things make his Spoils.

Reader attend, and caſt your Eyes below,
Mark well the Figures in the other Row.
They who of late ſo briſk, ſo gay were ſeen,
With ſupercilious Looks, and haughty Mein,
Are now o'erwhelm'd with Grief and black Deſpair;
Moroſe their Temper, diſmal is their Air.
Their gaudy Hopes were falſe, deluſive, vain;
Like petit Princes they deſign'd to reign.
Broken, behold, is each *Magician*'s Wand,
The Conjurors dejected, ſimply ſtand,
And every *Britiſh-Moſes* has the upper-hand.
They now repent, bewail their hapleſs Fate,
But their Repentance comes, alas! too late.

Who

Who could divine, he e'er ſhould ſee the Day,
When *Appius* would be ſtript, and loſe his Sway?
But ſee him now, attended by a Guard,
To Priſon ſent, to meet his juſt Reward;
Mountains of ill-got Treaſure he acquired,
And to allay his Thirſt ſtill more deſired.
Surly, implacable, and proud was he,
To Virtue, and Good Things an Enemy.

What may we not from this new Change expect?
Patriots will rectify each ſmall Defect:
This Change is what each honeſt *Briton* loves,
He ſees, and with a joyful Heart approves.
Now ſprightly Mirth *Britannia*'s Sons does grace,
Shines in their Eyes, and glitters o'er each Face.

So

So the bright Sun, when Earth dull Darkneſs ſhrouds,
Appears, and diſſipates the envious Clouds;
Glads the high Hills with his reſplendent Ray,
Makes every Mead, and every Valley gay,
And ſpreads o'er all the Globe a New-born Day.

Ye ſacred Nine, my languid Verſe inſpire,
And kindle in my Breaſt poetic Fire;
To lofty Numbers elevate my Lays,
And teach me how to ſing their glorious Praiſe.
Feeble, alas! I am, the Task too hard,
Harmonious Siſters, chuſe ſome other Bard:
A Bard, with innate Fire, and Genius bleſs'd,
A Genius, not by Words to be expreſs'd.

He, if to crown my Wiſhes I might hope,
Shou'd be a CONGREVE, ADDISON, or POPE:
To ſuch as them the Subject does belong,
The moſt harmonious of the tuneful Throng.
Stampt on their Works, your Images they bear
Not ſo the Man, who does the *Laurel* wear,
And with Preſumption boaſts himſelf your Heir.

Sure *Dulneſs* reign'd, and cover'd all the Earth,
When Nature to this ſpurious Son gave Birth;
And yet in Spite of Nature, Wit, and Senſe,
The Poetaſter Poet wou'd commence.
Who wou'd not grieve as often as he ſaw
His full-ear'd Sheaves give place to empty Straw?

Now drooping Spirits do again revive,
The lazy *Drones* now baniſh'd from the *Hive*,
With chearful Looks they hope once more to thrive.

F I N I S.